

SCREAM

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BLOOD-HUNT
FOR THE
CANNIBAL
WEREWOLF!



— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

SCREAM

In this incredible issue :

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... THE LUNATIC MUMMY will not die — on page 46 ...

come witness **THE TALES OF NOSFERATU** unfolded on page 58

... AND MORE STORIES — MORE HORROR THAN ANY OTHER MAGAZINE ...

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DOMINGO ED FEDORY CESAR LOPEZ
MARO NAVA EDGAR ALLAN POE
BOSTRES RICARDO VILLAMONTE ZESAR

THE SKULL OF THE GHOUL



WHEN THE DUSK FALLS
SO DOES DEATH.

THE VAMPIRE
KINGDOM

SATAN WANTS
A CHILD



The LEGEND of
the Cannibal
WEREWOLF

Edgar Allan Poe
in the Movies



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LADY SATAN

WRITTEN BY DENNIS HARRISON
CHAPTER 3...
ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLARREAL





...I AM...
A DEMON
WHOM SATAN
HAS SENT IN
HIS
STEAD...

SATAN IS
ANGRY WITH YOU...
THE FIASCO ON
YOUR WEDDING
NIGHT WAS
OUTRAGEOUS...

WHY
SO?



...BUT...
BUT THAT WAS
NOT MY FAULT!
I THOUGHT
HE HAD
FORGIVEN
ME!

NO...
HE HAS NOT
FORGIVEN
YOU!

HOW CAN
I MAKE AN
APOLOGY TO MY
HUSBAND?...
LORD LUCIFER!



MASTER
SATAN SEEKS
NOT YOUR
APOLOGY, LADY
SATAN... HE
REQUIRES AN-
OTHER THING
ALTOGETHER...
PROOF OF
YOUR
LOYALTY AND
LOVE...

A PROOF?
BUT...BUT HOW
CAN I...



HOW CAN
I PROVE MY...
...MY LOVE?

...SIMPLY...
YOU ARE HIS WIFE...THE
MASTER OF HELL AND OF ALL
THE REVOLTED SPIRITS WISHES...
PROOF...THAT YOU ARE WORTHY...

**SATAN WANTS
A CHILD**



...A CHILD...I AM HONORED...
I...I NEVER REALIZED MY HUSBAND DESIRES A CHILD... BUT... NOW?



...COME TO HELL...HALF WAY TO HELL BY THE CAVES OF WOE...TOMORROW NIGHT HE WILL MEET YOU...THERE YOU WILL BECOME AS ONE! EARTH AND HELL AS ONE...

...YES... YES...



THE SPIRIT IS GONE...
QUEEN ANNE...
YOU ARE INDEED GRACED BY THE MASTER...
YOU ARE TO BEAR HIS CHILD...

YES...AND IF I AM TO TRAVEL TO MEET MY HUSBAND SATAN TOMORROW NIGHT...I NOW NEED TO REST...



SO I WILL SLEEP NOW...WATCH OVER ME AS I SLEEP...FOR IF THE GIRL ANNE JACKSON, WHOSE BODY I INHABIT SHOULD TAKE POSSESSION OF IT SHE MIGHT RUIN MY PLANS...

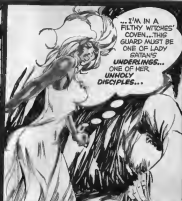
YES, MISTRESS...

SO BE WARNED...WATCH ME WELL...I WANT NO TROUBLE BEFORE TOMORROW NIGHT...





...MMPH...
WHERE AM
I?...



...I'M IN A
FILTHY WITCHES'
COVEN...THIS
GUARD MUST BE
ONE OF LADY
SATAN'S
UNDERLINGS...
ONE OF HER
UNHOLY
DISCIPLES...



...THESE
CLOTHES I WEAR
MUST BE THE ROBES OF
THE ROTTED MIND WHICH
INHABITS ME...I ONLY
WISH I COULD
DISCARD HER AS
EASILY AS I DO
THESE EVIL ROBES...




MMPH! I'M IN A
CAVE WHERE I WAS FIRST
TRANSFORMED...THIS MUST
BE HER HEADQUARTERS...I'M
SETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE
THAT 1973 WITCH GIRL
WAKES UP...





I...I MUST
BE MILES AWAY...
RUN...FOR
HOURS...THOSE
LIGHTS
AHEAD...MUST
BE
SALEM...



WHAT USE IS IT
FOR ME TO RUN? WHEN
THE WITCH-QUEEN ANNE WISHES
TO TAKE CONTROL OF MY
BODY SHE CAN WITH
EASE...HOW LONG
SHE'S BEEN IN CONTROL OF
ME...I DON'T KNOW...
ANYTHING...



I...DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHY I'M ALIVE...
IF...IF I...AM ALIVE!
WHAT CAN I DO TO
STOP HER?...WHAT HORRORS
DOES SHE HAVE
IN HER EVIL
MIND
WITHIN ME?



THERE IS
ONLY ONE
THING TO
DO...

WHADJA
SAY,
LADY?

I AM NOT
DEAD AND
NOT ALIVE...I AM
NOT MY OWN
PERSON....



I MUST
STOP HER...AND
THERE IS...ONLY
ONE WAY...

HEY, LADY...
ARE YOU
OUTTA YOUR
MIND?



...MAY
GOD HAVE
MERCY
ON MY
SOUL...



I...I'M
NOT DEAD...
I **TWIST**
THE **DAMN**
KNIFE AROUND
IN MY
HEART
AND DO
NOT
DIE!!

I DON'T
EVEN
FEEL
PAIN...



LADY!
WHY DID YOU
DO IT? IS THIS
A GAG?

GO AWAY,
IDOT...

HEY!
YOU'RE...NOT
THE SAME
AS BEFORE...
YOU'VE
CHANGED...



YOUR
WHOLE
FACE IS
DIFFERENT...
I...

I SAID...
GO AWAY...
GET AWAY
FROM ME,
YOU
IDOT...

...BUT LADY...
I...ONLY...
WANNA HELP
YOU...



I SAID...
GO AWAY!!

AAAAHHH...

THAT IDIOT,
DAVE JACKSON,
WEAKLING...
SHOVING A
KNIFE INTO
HER-
SELF...

NOTHING SHORT
OF CREMATION
CAN HARM THIS
BODY...IT'S ALREADY
DEAD...ONLY SATAN
AND MY
INDOMITABLE
WILL WITHIN
IT KEEPS
FROM
DECAYING...

MISTRESS...

YOU INSUP-
FERABLE FOOL
...YOU HAD A
JOB AND
DIDN'T PERFORM
IT...A TASK OF
GUARDING
MY
BODY...

WHAT DID YOU
DO... FALL
ASLEEP?
1973
IS NO DIFFER-
ENT
FROM
1773...
I AM
STILL
SURROUND-
ED BY
SIMPLETONS...

...LUCIFER...
OUYAR...
ESRANOVY...

ESPIRINESONT
HAYRAS...

FABELLER-
OSTHON...

...EMPEROR
LUCIFER...

BRING ME TO
YOUR
PRESENCE...

...SHE'S...
GONE...

...THERE IS AN EVIL THING IN EARTH TRANSPORTED
TO THE NETHER WORLDS... BY A HIDEOUS CHANT...
BY A WORSHIP AND FAITH IN HER ALMIGHTY SPOUSE...
THIS IS ONE OF MILLIONS TAKEN WHOLE FROM THE
HALF-WHOLE EARTH INTO A HALF-WHOLE HELL...



...AT THE GATES OF HELL IN THE CAVERNS OF WOE, LORD LUCIFER, SATAN VISITED HIS EARTH MISTRESS...OUTSIDE THIS PLACE IN HELL...THERE WAS A GREAT RESOUNDING CRY WHICH FILLED THE HEAVENS WITH DREAD...WHILE ON EARTH THE ASPECTS OF NATURE SEEMED TO REVOLT...ALL ABOUT THE EARTH STORMS DEVASTED COASTLINES, TORNADOES RIPPED APART PRAIRIES, RAINS DROWNED DAMS AND SNOWS BURIED TINY ARCTIC TOWNS TOO DEFENSELESS TO PROTECT A DEFENSE...EARTH AND HELL WERE MATING...



LADY SATAN... QUEEN ANNE... YOU'VE RETURNED...

WINE... WINE...

...HELP HER TO HER CHAMBERS THE TRIP THROUGH HALF OF HELL MUST HAVE EXHAUSTED ONE WHO IS ONLY... WHO IS ALMOST HUMAN...

SHE DOESN'T TASTE THE WINE... SHE IS ALREADY UNCONSCIOUS... SEE HOW HER FACE IS RELAXING...

...NOT BECAUSE QUEEN ANNE IS ASLEEP BECAUSE THE ONE WITHIN HER IS NOW STRUGGLING TO BE DOMINANT...

WAAHHH... SO TO FIGHT... I'M SO TIRED... SO TIRED...

...AM I... IN LADY SATAN'S COVEN AGAIN?... YOU... YOU ARE HER WITCHES... WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME?... I FEEL... SO STRANGE... SO WEAK, AND SO STRANGE...

YOU ARE WITH CHILD!

...WITH CHILD... WHAT?... WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

OH, LORD... WHAT HAS HAPPENED... WHAT HORRORS DO YOU SPEAK TO ME OF...

...YOU DO NOT KNOW WHO LIVES WITHIN YOUR VERY WOMB NOW?

...YOU WILL SOON BE A MOTHER, ANNE JACKSON... THE FATHER IS THE KING OF HELL...

HA HA HA HE HE HE HA HA HA HA HE HE HE

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA HE HE HE


OH HEAVEN... HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL...

HA HA HA HA

NEXT: THE SON OF LORD LUCIFER...

Edgar Allan Poe in the Movies

The first truly magnificent horror film was made by D. W. GRIFFITH in 1914 - THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE, and was based on the works of EDGAR ALLAN POE ... It featured adaptations of THE TELL-TALE HEART, WILLIAM WILSON, THE BLACK CAT, ANNABEL LEE, THE BELLS and THE CONQUEROR WORM. Though it is one of the finest horror films ever made, it is not a good adaptation of Poe. No one ever makes a good adaptation of Poe. As some critic stated: "unhappily, the master poet of the macabre mood does not transpose well to the cinema screen, beyond the mere illustration of his classic devices". This is not true. It is true that, unhappily, he IS not transposed. It is NOT true, that he CANNOT be transposed. For all the odd dozen adaptations made, not a single screenwriter has written a better, or more commercially suitable, script than the original Poe story.



THE BLACK CAT, the 1935 Republic Picture's adaptation of Edgar Allan Poe's famous short story, was violent - bloody - fierce and weird ... but the plotting was hardly even similar to the original classic tale of terror ...



... Vincent Price starred in American International's 1963 HAUNTED PALACE, which was a great film - though it had nothing to do with Poe's poem of the same title ... and was in fact based on a short story by H.P. Lovecraft ...

The complete Poe-pourri of movies

THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE, 1914 (D.W. Griffith)
MURDER IN THE RUE MORGUE, 1932 - Lugosi
THE BLACK CAT, 1934 - Karloff-Lugosi
THE RAVEN, 1935 - Karloff-Lugosi
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER, 1960 - Price
THE PIT, 1960 - Brian Peck
THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM, 1961 - Price
THE PREMATURE BURIAL, 1961 - Ray Milland
TALES OF TERROR, 1962 - Price-Lane-Rathbone
THE HAUNTED PALACE, 1963 - Price-Craney
THE RAVEN, 1963 - Price-Karloff-Lane
THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, 1964 - Price
THE TOMBS OF LIGEIA, 1964 - Price
THE BLACK CAT, 1965



... THE HOUSE OF USHER ...



... THE TOMBS OF LIGEIA ...



THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH
 above: a Hazel Court screen
 below: a Vincent Price orgy



it's very sad — it's called 'commercially necessary' — and that's what's so sad. For Poe's original stories were full of all the spicy, weird ingredients we love to see. The misguided, semi-literate producers evidently never bothered to read Poe, or this they would know.

From the very beginning, Poe's 'ideas' were merely assimilated into other plots. His name was used — his story titles were mis-used. The only time he was ever given a fair chance was in Edward Abraham's 1960/62 *THE PIT*, featuring Brien Peck. In this short film, only one word of dialog is heard (in Poe's original story, there is no dialog at all). A critic described this film as "a genuine essay in horror" and it certainly is.

The Karloff and Lugosi Universal films: *THE RAVEN* (1935) and *THE BLACK CAT* (1934), and Lugosi's *MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE* (1932), are excellent films — principally because of Karloff and Lugosi themselves, and Poe's devices, but not because of their half-baked plots.

Roger Corman, for American International, made a series of Poe vehicles starring Vincent Price in the 1960's, which include: *THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER* (1960), *THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM* (1961), *PREMATURE BURIAL* (1961), *TALES OF TERROR* (1962), *THE HAUNTED PALACE* (1963), *THE RAVEN* (1963), *THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH* (1964), and *THE TOMB OF LIGEIA* (1964). They are interesting, perhaps even memorable (principally due to Vincent Price, not due to Corman, we suspect, the notorious 'director-who-did-not-direct', according to





... THE BLACK CAT ...



... THE TOMB OF LIGIA ...



... THE PIT AND THE PENITENCE ...
- with Keroll and Lugosi, 1935 -

Boris Karloff), but they are not the stories of Edgar Allan Poe. THE HAUNTED PALACE is really a poem, but Corman used the title and made up a plot loosely based on H.P. Lovecraft's THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD. TALES OF TERROR is a collection of 3 short stories, which Corman made funny — unless you happen to take your Edgar Allan Poe seriously — which we do.

Edgar Allan Poe was a theatrical man - in his manner, his clothes, his writing meter and writing style - it is fair to suggest he would be delighted at the idea of being transposed from print to film ... but were he alive today, to see how it's been done, he would be indignant and insulted.

As it is, he's rolling over in his grave.

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH ... (American International, 1944) starred Vincent Price and Hazel Court, and was directed by Roger Corman — this sacrilegious ceremony scene was censored out before shooting in many countries — the film was exciting and powerful, but had absolutely nothing to do with Edgar Allan Poe whatsoever, which is a shame, considering Poe's original stories were ALWAYS better than the ones the butchers wrote and filmed ...



SOME YEARS AGO,
I ENJOINED
PASSAGE FROM
CHARLESTON, SOUTH
CAROLINA TO THE
CITY OF NEW YORK,
IN THE FINE PACKET
SHIP **INDEPENDENCE**
OF CAPTAIN HARLOW.
ON THE PASSENGER
LIST I WAS REJOICED
TO SEE SEVERAL
OF MY
ACQUAINTANCES,
AMONG THEM
CORNELIUS WYATT,
A YOUNG ARTIST,
AND A CLOSE
FRIEND..



I OBSERVED
HIS NAME WAS
CARDED UPON
THREE
STATE-ROOMS
AND FOUND
THAT HE HAD
BAGGAGED
PASSAGE FOR
HIMSELF, WIFE
AND TWO
SISTERS (HIS
OWN). WHAT
I FOUND QUITE
REMARKABLE
WAS THE NEED
FOR **THREE**
ROOMS FOR
JUST **4**
PERSONS.



AT FIRST I
CONCLUDED
IT WAS A
SERVANT'S
QUARTERS.
BUT THEN I
BEGAN TO
THINK OF HIS
OCCUPATION
AND DEDUCED
IT WAS FOR
EXTRA
BAGGAGE IN
THE FORM OF
A **PRICELESS**
PAINTING..



ON THE DAY WE
SAILED I SAW THE
BOX BROUGHT
ABOARD AND MY
SUSPICIONS WERE
CONFIRMED
(OBVIOUSLY IT
WAS A **PAINTING**)
IT WAS ABOUT 6
FEET IN LENGTH,
BY TWO AND A
HALF IN BREADTH,
BUT EVEN ITS ENTRY
OUTO THE SHIP
WAS OF SOME
MYSTERY TO ME,
FOR IT WAS NOT
PUT INTO THEIR
"SPARE-ROOM" AT
ALL, BUT INTO HIS
OWN CABIN.
SUCH MYSTERIES
COMPOUNDED
THROUGHOUT MY
TRIP AS I AM NOW
BOUND TO TELL AS
I BEGIN MY TALE OF



AS WHATT'S PARTY
BOARDED I WAS
INTRODUCED
AROUND...THERE
WERE THE TWO
SISTERS, THE
BRIDE AND THE
ARTIST- THE
LATTER IN ONE
OF HIS
CUSTOMARY
FITS OF MOODY
MISANTHROPY...
MRS. WHATT WAS
CLOSELY VEILED
...AND WHEN SHE
REMOVED IT SHE
ASTONISHED
ME, FOR SHE WAS
DECIDEDLY **PLAIN**.
IF NOT POSITIVELY
UGLY.



WE THEN SET OUT TO SEA...AND FOR THE
FIRST FEW DAYS WE HAD FINE WEATHER...MRS.
WHATT MUGLED WITH THE OTHERS ON BOARD.
BUT WHATT KEPT ENTIRELY TO HIMSELF
WITHIN HIS ROOM...



...MRS. WHATT 'AMUSED' US ALL VERY MUCH...
I SAY 'AMUSED' AND SCARCELY KNOW HOW
TO EXPLAIN MYSELF...THE TRUTH IS SHE
WAS LAUGHED AT NOT 'WITH'.



THE GENTLEMEN SAID **LITTLE** ABOUT HER
BUT THE LADIES PRONOUNCED HER A GOOD
HEARTED THING, RATHER INDIFFERENT-
LOOKING, **TOTALLY UNEDUCATED** AND
DECIDEDLY **VULGAR**...I COULD NOT IMAGINE
HOW A MAN LIKE WHATT, AN ARTIST, SO
SENSITIVE TO BEAUTY, COULD MARRY
SOMEONE SO GROTESQUE IN BOTH
BEAUTY AND MANNER.



„WHATT CAME OUT AFTER A FEW DAYS AND TALKED WITH ME...NATURALLY I ASKED HIM ABOUT THE NATURE OF THE OILDAG BOX, AND SAID SOMETHING ABOUT: 'THE PECULIAR **SHAPE** OF THE BOX'...



„AS I SPOKE THE WORDS, I SMILED 'KNOWINGLY', WINKED AND TOUCHED HIM GENTLY WITH MY FOREFINGER IN THE RIBS...PRESUMING HED LAUGH AND ADMIT IT WAS LEONARDO'S ODD SHAPED 'LAST SUPPER' OR SOME SUCH VALUABLE...BUT HIS ONLY REPLY WAS ASTONISHMENT.



„HIS FACE GREW VERY RED, THEN PALE, AND HE LAUGHED TILL I THOUGHT HE WOULD **EXPLODE**. THEN HE FELL FLAT AND HEAVILY UPON THE DECK...AND WHEN I RAN TO UPLIFT HIM,

TO ALL APPEARANCES HE WAS **DEAD**.



MY OOD WHATT...ARE YOU, ALRICH?

LEAVE ME ALONE! I TELL YOU...

„WHY DID YOU BECOME SO UPSET, I ONLY INQUIRED AFTER YOUR **PAINTING**...



WYATT WENT
TO HIS
STATEROOM
THEN AND I
DIDN'T SEE
HIM FOR DAYS..
BUT THAT
NIGHT I SAW
SOMETHING
VERY CURIOUS
TO EXPLAIN
THE EXTRA
ROOM I SAW
MRS WYATT
ENTER IT JUST
BEFORE
MIDNIGHT.



I CREEPT UP
TO WYATT'S
DOOR AND
HEARD HIM
WITHIN FIRST
THERE WAS
THE SOUND
OF A MALLET
AND CHISEL.
OBVIOUSLY
OPENING
THE OBLONG
BOX.. THEN
THE NOISES
OF HIS
SOBBING.
OR
MURMURING
WHICH LASTED
UNTIL
DAYBREAK!



THE NEXT
NIGHT I
OBSERVED
SAME THING.
AND ON THIS
OCCASION
PEEPED
THROUGH
THE KEYHOLE
TO SEE WYATT
IN
CONVULSIVE
AGONY OVER
WHAT (I COULD
NOT SEE) WAS
IN THE BOX..



THE NEXT DAY THE SEAS TURNED ROUGH
AND A GALE ENVELOPED US.. THEN A
HURRICANE WHICH SPLIT US TO RIBBONS..
TOSSING US ABOUT HOPELESSLY.. WE
WEATHERED THIS STORM FOR 24 HOURS.. LOST
THREE MEN AND WERE ABOUT TO GIVE
OURSELVES UP TO GOD.. WHEN THE MIZZEN-
MAST IN A HEAVY LURCH TO WINDWARD,
CRASHED DOWN UPON THE DECK,
PRACTICALLY TOPPLING US ON OUR SIDE..



WE HELD... AND THE GALE HELD... WE ATTEMPTED TO LIGHTEN OUR LOAD... BY THROWING OVERBOARD AS MUCH OF THE CARGO AS COULD BE REACHED. BUT SHE WAS **LEAKING** AND **WATER** WAS **CUSHING** IN **FURIOUSLY** INTO THE **HOLD**...



AT SUNDAWI, THE GALE HAD **DIMINISHED** IN **VIOLENCE** AND, AS THE SEA WENT **DOWN** WITH IT, WE STILL **ENTERAINED** **HOPE** OF **SAVING** **OURSELVES**... **THANKFULLY** **AIDED** BY A **FULL** **MOON**...



WE **LAUNCHED** A **LONG-BOAT** AND **CROWDED** **EVERYONE** **INTO** IT... IT

WAS A **MYSTERY** IT **DID** NOT **SWAMP** THE **SECOND** IT **TOUCHED** **WATER**...



...NO SOONER HAD WE **PUSHED** **OURSELVES** **AWAY** FROM THE **SINKING** **SHIP** THAN **WYATT** SEEMED TO **AWAKE** FROM A **TRANCE** AND **JUMPED** UP **SCREAMING**, **ALMOST** **CAPSIZE**ING US...



I **MUST** **GO** **BACK**... I **MUST** **GO** **BACK**...



ARE YOU **MAD** **WYATT**? **SIT** **DOWN** **FOR** **GOO'S** **SAKE**

THE BOX... THE BOX I SAY! CAPTAIN HARDY, YOU CANNOT YOU WILL NOT REFUSE ME... ITS WEIGHT WILL BE BUT A TRIFLE... IT'S NOTHING... MERE NOTHING...

...BY THE MOTHER WHO BORE YOU... FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN, BY YOUR HOPE OF SALVATION, I IMPORE YOU TO PUT BACK FOR THE BOX...



THE CAPTAIN, FOR A MOMENT, SEEMED TOUCHED BY THE EARNEST APPEAL OF THE ARTIST, BUT HE REGAINED HIS STERN COMPOSURE.

MR. WHITT, YOU ARE MAD! I CANNOT LISTEN TO YOU. SIT DOWN. I SAY. OR YOU WILL SWAMP THE BOAT. STAY. HOLD HIM. SEIZE HIM.

WHITT INDEED SPRANG FROM THE BOAT AND RETURNED TO THE SHIP.

IN A MOMENT WE SAW HIM ENTER HIS CABIN AND DRAG OUT THE BOX STRAP HIMSELF TO IT BY ROPE

THEN

ATTACHED TO IT...

WHY... HE SUCK!! BUT WHY? THE BOX WAS OF WOOD... WHY DID IT NOT FLOAT?



THEY WILL RISE SOON... BUT... NOT TILL THE SALT MELTS!

„HE WOULD SAY MORE INDICATING RESPECT FOR THE WIFE AND SISTERS OF THE DECEASED ON BOARD. WE LAID OUT AFTER 4 DAYS OF INTENSE DISTRESS

AND I BEGAN TO THINK I WOULD NEVER LEARN WHAT WAS IN IT...



WYATT WAS FRANTIC WITH GRIEF... BUT CIRCUMSTANCES FORBODE PUTTING OFF HIS NEW YORK TRIP.

NOW AS YOU KNOW, LD PASSENGER WOULD HAVE TRAVELLED UPON MY SHIP KNOWING A **CORPSE** WAS ABOARD... THIS... SHE WAS CONCEALED WITHIN THE BOX... HER **COFFIN**...



„MY **OWN** MISTAKE WAS THE PROBLEM... MY DISCOVERY OF ONLY **SOME** OF THE FACTS DURING THE VOYAGE... BUT NOW THAT I KNOW **ALL**... I **SHUDDER**!

FOR I HEARD WYATT'S INSANE GIBBERING AND WHIMPERING AND SOBBING IN HIS CABIN... I SAW HIS **CONVULSIONS**... I AM THE ONLY UNFORTUNATE PERSON WHO CAN **CONJECTURE** WHAT **MADNESS**... WHAT **HORRORS** DID HE COMMIT INSIDE HIS CABIN COME **THE NIGHT**!

„A MONTH LATER I RAN ACROSS THE CAPTAIN AND AS WE LUNCHED HE TOLD THE STORY OF THE BOX...

„THE WOMAN YOU KNEW AS MRS WYATT WAS **NOT**... SHE WAS ONLY A **SERVANT PLAYING THE ROLE**... THE DAY OF THE VOYAGE WYATT'S WIFE **DIED**... SHE WAS INDEED A **LOVELY... BEAUTIFUL** WOMAN...



THE CAPTAIN EXPLAINED HE HAD **PACKAGED** THE **CORPSE** WITH A QUANTITY OF **SALT** TO PREVENT ITS **DECOMPOSITION**... AND THIS IS THE **SIMPLE MYSTERY** OF THE **OBLONG BOX** IS **EXPLAINED**...



ARCHAIC SCREAM ANNOUNCEMENTS



... a special COMICS OPINION by reader DAVE SIM of Kitchener, Ontario who is commenting on the COMICS OPINION of JACK MONNINGER which appeared in PSYCHO #15 ...

"For some time now, comic fans of all ages have been complaining that comic books do not have wide acceptance. They are not considered an art form ... parents, teachers, and psychiatrists agree that they are garbage ... an unnecessary and demeaning part of the average child's reading matter.

"However, one must consider what would happen if comic books did gain wide acceptance for the art that they are ... anxiety on the newsstands would increase. If you think that your favorite title is hard to find today ... what would it be like if every adult who reads the local newspapers, were to pick up PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE, SCREAM and countless others? (That's a problem we should HAVE ... editor).

"I personally enjoy the 'underground' quality of comics reading. No one really knows how many fans there are of comic art unless they ARE a fan ... a good portion of the population of Canada and the U.S. are even unaware that there ARE fans (as can be seen by newspaper articles like "SLAP SAM POW — Comics No longer for the Kiddies").

"As long as you are lucky enough to have parents who will let you buy comics (no matter what they think of them), so long as there are comic conventions and fanzines, there is no need to introduce hostile readers to comic books ... there are enough open-minded people around who would read a comic book without having to be led to a chair ..."

opinion - DAVE SIM



My favorite story this issue is :

comment :

name :

age :

address :

city or other :

mail to : SKYWALD BEST STORY
Skywald Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street Rm 1501
New York City, N.Y. 10017

SCREAM #4





IS BACK

AND IT'S WEIRDER THAN EVER

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ARM HAND FINGER

... this is the weird cover story writer ...

EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY

ANALYSING AN EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED PERSON

It's not EASY to analyse an emotionally-disturbed writer like Emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY, whose weird cover story this issue is one of a long line of weird stories soon to be published like: THE BURIAL VAULT OF PRIMAL ELD and THE CRIME IN SATAN'S CRYPT. However, we can start by saying the guy lives on the edge of a swamp, sells real-estate and adores children. Wife Dreadfully-emotionally-disturbed Donna, and daughter Extremely-emotionally-astable Evita, attempt to awake him daily, but have been unsuccessful to date. Ed has been asleep since 1644 when he was attacked near Tarran in the Yellow Sea by a squad of 500 giant bugs. Despite this, Ed is an interesting fellow, and with editor Archaic Al has spent many a pleasant evening watching "Things that the swamp nearby his house. As Ed spies each 'thing' he yells: "Hi Uncle Joe," or "Hi Uncle Frank"... nobody knows exactly what those mutterings mean but — than again — we don't really WANT to know! Drop Ed a note c/o SKYWALD and let him know if you enjoyed his cover story: THE LEGEND OF THE CANNIBAL WEREWOLVES.

-ARCHAIC AL-



...THIS IS 1890... THE SCENE IS A MACABRE
MARSH NEAR BARCELONA IN SPAIN... THE
NIGHT IS WET AND FETID... NOT A NIGHT FOR
MAN OR BEAST...



...UNLESS... THE BEAST IS A BAT...



...AND THE MAN IS A WOMAN...



...AND WITH THIS NIGHT BEING AS CLOUDY AND OBSCURE AS OUR STORY THIS FAR, SO WE START OUR TALE:

THE SKULL OF THE GHOUL

...LOOK CLOSELY NOW AT THIS SCENE... IS IT AS IT SEEMS? OR, IS IT
SOMEWHAT DECEIVING?... THE ANSWER FOLLOWS AS PART ONE
OF OUR 2-PART TALE BEGINS (COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE) SO GRAB HOLD OF YOUR SENSE OF REASON BECAUSE
IN THIS MACABRE WIND-DESTROYING-TALE NOTHING IS AS IT SEEMS...

WRITTEN BY ALAN HENNINGSON ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS

...SHE CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR...



...THE DRIVER'S DEATH WAS A STROKE OF LUCK...
IF HE HADN'T DECIDED TO DIE OF OLD AGE THEN
TONIGHT WOULD'VE BEEN MY LAST NIGHT
OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF PRISON...

...BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP A
GOOD GIRL DOWN...

...I'M FREE AGAIN...THE NEXT RACKET
I GET INTO HAS GOT TO BE A LITTLE MORE
LUCRATIVE THAN THE ONE THAT ALMOST
GOT ME 20 YEARS... I WASN'T CUT OUT
TO BE A
CON-ARTIST
ANYHOW...



...RIGHT NOW I MUST
THINK WHAT TO DO
TONIGHT...

...THOSE LIGHTS IN THE
DISTANCE LOOK SO DIM AND
INVITING...AND IF I PLAY MY
CARDS RIGHT IT MAY BE AN
EXCELLENT PLACE TO STAY
TONIGHT...



HELP ME...
SOMEONE
HELP...

...PLEASEE...

WHAT'S WRONG?
WHAT IS IT?

...MY DRIVER...HAD
A HEART ATTACK...HE'S
DEAD...I WAS ON MY
WAY TO BARCELONA...



...ALONE?

...YES
ALONE...EXCEPT
FOR MY DRIVER.
BUT...BUT NOW
HE'S DEAD!

...I WILL ATTEND TO
YOUR COACH, WOMAN...
LOOK TO THE DOORWAY
THERE...

...THE COUNTESS
IS WAITING TO
GREET YOU...

...THE
COUNTESS?



...I...AM COUNTESS
SOSTRES...

...WELCOME TO SOSTRES MANSE
...YOU ARE OUR GUEST...
...COME...DON'T STAND THERE IN THE
COLD OF THIS AWFUL NIGHT...
COME IN...TAKE THE CHILL OUT
OF YOUR BONES CHILD...

...VISITORS ARE ALWAYS
WELCOME HERE...

...NOW BEGINS PART TWO OF OUR TALE...

...SHE DIED UPON A DECREPIT DAWN...

MY NY... WHAT
A BEAUTIFUL ROOM...
SO MANY
...**WALLABLE**
THINGS ARE HERE...

WELL... WHY
DO YOU LIVE
HERE THEN,
COUNTESS?

...IT WAS LEFT TO ME
ON AN INHERITANCE...

...I DON'T KNOW WHY I DON'T
MOVE... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO
KEEP THE PLACE CLEAN OR...

...AH... I SEE YOU ADMIRING
MY MOST **WALLABLE**
POSSESSION...

...WHAT IS IT,
COUNTESS?

...IT'S
MACABRE...

...COUNTLESS SORSTRES...
...THANK YOU FOR EXTENDING
YOUR HAND TO ME IN MY TIME
OF TROUBLE...

...IT'S NO
TROUBLE
COUNTS...
...I'M
FINISHED...

NOT AT ALL MY
DEAR... COME IN...
WARM YOURSELF...
WOULD YOU CARE
FOR SOME **FOOD**
... SOME **WINE**?

...YES...

...THEY ARE MY ONLY **REAL**
COMPANY... **WALLDO**, THE **CHURCH**
WHO GREETED YOU IS NOT MUCH
FOR **COMPANIONSHIP** IN THIS
DESOLATE PLACE...

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN? **DRACULA**
WAS ONLY A... **MYTH**...
A **SUPERSTITION**...

WHAT?

...IT IS THE
SKULL OF
DRACULA!

...BUT THERE ARE OTHERS
WHO KNOW THAT **DRACULA**
WAS AS REAL AS YOU AND I...
A FIEND WHO LIVED CENTURIES
AGO IN **WALLACHIA**... KNOWN
NOW AS **TRANSYLVANIA**...

...OH **DRACULA** WAS REAL ENOUGH
...AND HE WAS A **VAMPIRE** SURE
ENOUGH...

...AND THIS...

...IS HIS
SKULL...

IT IS MY MOST
VALUABLE
POSSESSION...

...IT WOULD
BE WORTH
MILLIONS TO
THE RIGHT
COLLECTOR...

HOWEVER... I'VE
BEEN NEGLECTFUL...
LET ME GET YOU
THE FOOD AND WINE
I OFFERED...

...AND I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOUR
ROOM IS PREPARED FOR THE NIGHT...
HOWDO WILL DRIVE YOU ON TO
BARCELONA IN THE MORNING...

... I'VE GOT TO THINK OF A
WAY TO TAKE THIS FROM THE
COUNTESS... I HAVE... A... MAN...
I KNOW IN BARCELONA WHO WILL
SELL IT FOR ME...

...THIS CENTURY-OLD THING IS MAGNIFICENT...
...IT DOES INDEED NEARLY TURN MY STOMACH TO
LOOK AT IT BUT... BY GOD IT'S BEAUTIFUL IN A
DECADENT KIND OF WAY...

...IF I CAN TAKE FULL
ADVANTAGE OF THIS
SITUATION... I CAN PROVIDE
MYSELF WITH AN ALTERNATIVE
TO IMPRISONMENT...

...WERE I TO CONTINUE
AS I AM NOW, I WOULD
SURELY BE CAUGHT IN
TIME...

...BUT WERE I TO BE
ENDOWED WITH A
FORTUNE FROM THE SALE
OF THIS WRETCHED SNAKE,
I COULD -- ESCAPE
TO ANOTHER COUNTRY...

HERE, MY DEAR...
NOW EAT... DRINK...
AND FORGET YOUR
WORRIES...

YOU ARE
SO KIND
COUNTESS...

...SO VERY...
VERY... KIND...

...AND THERE IS ONLY
ONE WAY TO DO THAT
... TO LEAVE BEFORE
THEY WOULD HAVE
REASON TO SUSPECT
ME... DURING THE NIGHT...

...I MUST FIRST
OBTAIN THE
SKULL...

...THEN I'LL
RELEASE A HORSE
FROM THE STABLE
... THE COUNTESS
CLAIMS SHE LIVES
ALONE WITH THE
DWARF... SO
THERE SHOULD BE
NO-ONE TO
CONTEND WITH...

NOW... I NEED A PLAN
OF ESCAPE FROM THIS
SWAMP-MANSE CHCE
I OBTAIN THE SKULL...

...I NEED TO KNOW
HOW I CAN ESCAPE
WITHOUT AROUSING
SUSPICION...

...I CAN MAKE GOOD
MY ESCAPE INTO THE
NIGHT BEFORE
ANYONE IS ANY THE
WISER...

...AND IF I
SHOULD MEET
OPPOSITION FROM
THE COUNTESS OR
THE DWARF...

...IT WILL BE THEIR
MISFORTUNE...

...NOT
MINE...

...FOR THIS PISTOL I STOLE FROM THE GUARD
WHEN I KILLED HIM WILL SERVE AS MY ACCOMPICE...





SO... AFTER HIS DEATH HIS
PLAN TO LIVE-AGAIN WAS
THWARTED...

...HIS BODY IS IN ASHES...

...NOW HIS HEAD
NEEDS THE AID OF A
SERVANT... ME...
TO BE FUNCTIONAL
AND OF ANY
PURPOSE...

WHO ARE YOU?...

...WHY DO YOU LIVE OUT
HERE IN THIS
WILDERNESS?...

...I AM WHO I SAID
AS YOU ENTERED THIS
MANSION... *CREST*

...AND I AM ALSO...

...THE ETERNAL SERVANT
OF THE SKULL OF THE
MASTER GHOUL...

...I AM HIS MASTER'S
SERVANT NOW AS I HAVE
BEEN FOR CENTURIES
SINCE HIS VERY DEATH...

BUT THAT MEANS...

...THAT MEANS THAT YOU

...THAT YOU ARE
ALSO A...A...

YOU STUTTER
UPON THAT
WORD?

YES... I AM ALSO
OF THE MASTER'S
KIND...

...A
VAMPIRESS...

...BUT...
THAT'S NOT
POSSIBLE...

...WE HAVE
BEEN
AMUSED...
...NOW, DO AS
YOU MUST
WITH HER...

NO...NOT
JUST YET...

YOU CAN'T BE A
VAMPIRESS...

...HOW DO YOU EXIST OUT
HERE IN THIS WILDERNESS?

...IF LEGEND IS CORRECT...
THE VAMPIRE NEEDS
BLOOD TO LIVE...

...YES...THAT
IS TRUE...

...BUT HOW
DO YOU
GET IT?...





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The LEGEND of

WRITTEN BY ED PERDUE ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO WILLAMONTI

the Cannibal WERE-WOLF

YES, YES!! THE
FINEST HUNT OF MY
CAREER, T'WAS! NEVER
EXPERIENCED A MORE
INTELLIGENT
ANIMAL!

UNDOUBTEDLY, THIS
ADVANCED INSTINCT
STEMS FROM ITS OBVIOUS
PRIMITIVE HUMAN
CHARACTERISTICS...
HYENA AND
HUMAN...

HOLD IT
RIGHT THERE,
SIR PERCY...
GOT IT!

CLICK!
A STRANGE
HYBRID MAN
TAKEN FROM THE
DARKEST AFRICA!
THE READERS WILL
LOVE IT, TELL US
OF THE HUNT!



YES, THE HUNT! THAT TRIBUTE
TO MAN'S SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE.
THAT WONDERFUL POSSESSION
THAT SHADES HIS DESTINY AS
LEADER OF THE ANIMAL
KINGDOM! YOU SHALL HAVE
THE WHOLE STORY...

FINE!

BUT FIRST, A DRINK...

SOUNDS
GREAT!

A TOAST...TO
THE SECOND MOST
BEAUTIFUL SPECIES
IN THE WORLD!

A
GROTESQUE,
YET BEAUTIFUL
ANIMAL. INDEED,
SUCH A FINE
STATE OF
PRESERVATION.

THE EYES, THEY
APPEAR ALIVE...
ALIVE!


ALL THE CREDIT
GOES TO THE TAXIDERMIST.
THEY'VE DONE A GOOD
JOB ON MY PET!

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY
ANIMAL WITH CLAWS SO HUGE! IT'S A
GOOD THING IT DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO
USE THEM...ON YOU!


I HAD
LITTLE TO FEAR,
AS THE HYENNA IS
SELDOM KNOWN TO
ATTACK LIVING
CREATURES...

THEY EAT
THE DEAD LEFT
BY OTHER PRED-
ATORS...THEY'RE
GHOULS!

WE'VE HAD
ENOUGH QUESTIONS
FOR THE WHILE!
LET'S RELAX, AND
I'LL GET ON
WITH THE TALE
OF HOW I
CAPTURED THIS
MAGNIFICENT
BRUTE!



"AYE, T'WAS BUT TWO YEARS
PAST, THAT MYSELF AND A
STREAM OF BANYAN PORTERS
BLADED AND TRUDGED THROUGH
THE EMERALD JUNGLE OF
THE NORTHERN CONGO.



"AS A MONTH OF TOILS ECLIPSED, WE CAME
UPON THE WAMUTTU VILLAGE. I HAD HOPED
TO FIND THE ONE
WHO COULD ANSWER
MY QUESTIONS.

WATEITA!
WATEITA!



WATEITA?

YOU SAY
THAT IS THE
PLACE WHERE
I SHALL FIND
THEM!

A SCANT
DAY'S MARCH
FROM HERE!
SOON THE
PRIZE SHALL BE
MINE!

"AS I PUSHED
THE SABLE SKIN
TO ONE SIDE, I
SAW AN ELDERLY
MAN, SURROUNDED
BY GODDESSES OF
NUBIAN BEAUTY!
WATEITA, THE
TOOTHLESS TRIBAL
ELDER, THE
POSSESSOR OF
SECRETS,
GUARDIAN OF
ELDRITCH
ANSWERS!



WATEITA!
AT LAST!

"THROUGHOUT THE STILL AND SVAIRL-SHROUDED NIGHT HE SPOKE! MANY TIMES HE CAME TO A DEADENLY AND ABRUPT SILENCE, WHILE HE LISTENED TO THE CLANDESTINE ACTIVITY IN THE JUNGLES, OFTEN HIS NARRATIVE WAS PUNCTUATED WITH A MASK OF FEAR THAT SPREAD ACROSS HIS ANCIENT VISAGE. AND WHEN THE FIRST CAST RAYS OF THE ORANGE AFRICAN SUN SEEPED ACROSS THE JUNGLE, I DEPARTED..."



"THAT VERY AFTERNOON WE DISCOVERED THE FIRST CLAN AND HAD TRACKS OF OUR FEARLESS GAME..."

"WATEFTA SPOKE ONLY WITH HIS EYES, AND EVEN THEY WERE MUTE!"

THESE ARE ITS TRACKS!

THEY'RE FRESH!... ONLY A COUPLE OF HOURS OLD!



ZABUNDAI!
ZABUNDAI!

"I SAW THE STAIN OF FEAR SPREAD... THEY SENSED POSSIBLE SLAUGHTER AHEAD! SOON THE NIGHT WOULD COME... THEIR FEARS WOULD GROW..."

I ONLY HOPE THEY STAND THEIR GROUND... WHEN THE TIME IS AT HAND...





"WITH GREAT ANXIETY
AND DETERMINATION,
MY SENSES REELED...
THE NIGHT USHERED
ME TO DEEP AND
FATHOMLESS SLEEP...
AND I DID NOT HEAR
THE COMMOTION
OUTSIDE..."



"THE NEXT MORNING..."

GONE!
EVERY ONE
OF THEM! MAY
THEIR GODS TAKE
AND PROTECT
THEM...THOSE
CONARDEY
FOOLS!

WHO NEEDS THEM?

I SHALL
CAPTURE THE
BEAST...
ALONE!

STRANGE,
HOW THE
JUNGLE
QUET...

SOME-
THING IS
ABOUT!



HUNNNH??

WHAT
THE HELL
WAS
THAT?

"TOO LATE DID I SEE THOSE DUAL
PITS OF HATRED WATCHING ME...
TOO LATE!"

AAARGHHH

KYRAAGHHHH
HHHRRROAAA

BWAAM

"I WAS
ENVELOPED
WITHIN A
FETID MIST OF
EXCREMENT,
MATTED
HAIR, AND
CHARREL
BREATH!"

THERE'S ONLY
ONE CHANCE...
I'VE GOT TO
REACH
THAT...
GUN!!

TH-THOSE
EYES! TH-THY
LOOK ALMOST
HUMAN!!

"THEN FOR ONCE,
STILLNESS REIGNED
SUPREME WITHIN
THE JUNGLE GREENS...
WHILE A MUTE
EYE OFFERED
REST TO A
WEARY FLY!"

RAAUGHN

GRAUGHN

RRAAUGHN

AAARGHHHH

GRAUGHN



I THOUGHT I
HAD BOUGHT TIME
THAT TIME!

BUT, I AWOKE TO
A PAINLESS SENSE
OF SECURITY! I
GUESS YOU CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
THAT!



I GUESS ONE
COULD SAY THAT I
BECAME LINKED
TO THAT BEAUTIFUL
FURRED CREATION

...BODY AND
BLOOD...IF NOT
SPIRIT AND
SOUL...



I THINK THAT
DRINK DID BOTH
OF YOU
WONDERS...

RELAXED YOUR
MINDS, YOUR
LUNGS AND
STILLED YOUR
HEARTS!



I KNEW THE LOOK
IN THOSE EYES WERE ALMOST
HUMAN...IT WAS NOT THE
TARNISHED GAZE OF HATRED I
SAW IN THEIR DEPTHS...BUT
ONE OF LOVE!



SHE HAD NO DESIRE
TO KILL ME!

ALL SHE DESIRED
WAS A...

MATE!!

A STRANGE TINGLING SENSATION AROUSES WITHIN
THE MOUTH, AND LUST OF CARRION DEVOURS REASON,
THE MOUTH SALIVATES AS STIFF FLESH IS PRESSED
TO HUNGER-RIDDEN LIPS...THE AROMA OF A
HIDEO-FEAST FILLS THEIR NOSTRILS...A FLESHY
FRAGMENT IS LOLLED ACROSS A BROAD TONGUE
AND ITS FLAVOR IS TYPED BY PERVERTED
TASTE BUDS...

GRAAGHHH
RRAAGHHH

GGRRAGHH
RRAAGHH
GGRRAGHH
GRAAGGG
GRAAGGH



...IT IS...
GOOD!!



...THE TROUBLE WITH MAN, IT IS SAID, IS THAT USUALLY HE IS FOUND IN GROUPS...

WRITTEN BY DOWNE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY GUYAN LOPES

...AND EMMANUEL HUMPHREY WILL MEET ONE SUCH AWFUL GROUP SHORTLY AND BECOME!

...THIS IS EMMANUEL HUMPHREY, AND HE IS NOW ALONE...

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪
♪ ...OH GIVE ME A HOME ♪
♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ ...WHERE THE ♪
♪ BUFFALO ROAM! ♪

♪ AND THE ♪
♪ DEER AND THE ♪
♪ COCKROACHES ♪
♪ PLAY! ♪



as written by Guyan







...HOW SHALL WE MURDER HIM EFFICIENTLY? WITH A ROPE BY THE NECK?

...DRAGGING HIM BEHIND A HORSE? OR HIS OWN MOTOR VEHICLE?...

MURDER?



...THERE MUST BE A MORE INGENUOUS MANNER OF MURDER FOR SO AUSPICIOUS AN OCCASION AS THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF PHARAOH HARMHAB!

...WE COULD LET HIM BE BURIED ALIVE!



BURIED ALIVE?



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! THE AMERICAN CONSUL WILL HAVE YOU IN JAIL THE REST OF YOUR LIVES!

GAG HIM!



GOD... I NEVER SHOULD'A COME TO THIS WRETCHED COUNTRY... IT'S RUN BY A BUNCH OF CREEPS...

...FOREIGN INFIDEL... WE CARE NOT WHAT YOU SAY OR THINK... KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED OR WE'LL GAG IT...



...THE AMERICAN CONSUL WILL NEVER HEAR OR SEE YOU EVER AGAIN, UNFORTUNATE AMERICAN... SO DO NOT EXPECT HIS SYMPATHY... OR HIS VENGEANCE...

WHYWHY!



WHAT SAY YOU
EFFEND? SHALL WE
BURY HIM ALIVE THEN,
TO BE SUFFOCATED
AS TRIBUTE TO
HARRNAS?



NO... THERE IS
AN OLD AND ANFUL
CUSTOM WHICH THIS
AMERICAN KNOWS
WELL, IF HE KNOWS
THE TORTURES OF
THE AMERICAN
RED
INDIANS...



...HE
WILL BE
BURIED...

...AND
ALIVE...



...BUT HE WILL NOT DIE
BY SUFFOCATION...
...THE VULTURES AND THE
REPTILES AND THE SUN
WILL KILL HIM WHILE HE IS
HELPLESSLY RESTRAINED
UNDER THE GROUND...

...REMOVE HIS GAG.
LET HIM SCREAM NOW...



MY GOD...
YOU'RE ALL
MAD...

...YOU FRIENDS... HOW CAN YOU
TORTURE A FELLOW-MAN WITHOUT
FEELING? ...HAVE YOU NO
CONSCIENCE...

...WE DO THIS IN
THE NAME OF HARRNAS...
A VIOLENT AND
PASSIONATELY EVIL
PHARAOH WHO WOULD
ENJOY IT...

...WE DO IT NOT FOR
US... BUT FOR HIM...



...WATCH NOW...
...A REPTILE
APPROACHES...

...ITS VENOM
WILL ROT HIS BRAIN
EVEN AS THE SUN
MELTS HIS MIND...



WAIT!
...QUICKLY...KILL IT...
KILL THE REPTILE...



GOOD...

...NOW REMOVE HIM FROM
THAT PIT... THERE IS A MUCH
BETTER TORTURE I HAVE
DESIGNED...



...MORE
SIGNIFICANT...

...BUT
WHAT
OFFEND?



WAS NOT PHARAOH
HARMING HIMSELF
MURDERED?... WAS NOT
HE MUMMIFIED ALIVE
BY HIS SUBJECTS SEEKING
REVENGE FOR HIS
ACTS AGAINST THEM?

...IS IT NOT THEN...
OBVIOUS... HOW THIS
SACRIFICE MIGHT BE
OFFERED TO ITS BEST
ADVANTAGE...

...YES
OFFEND... IT
IS OBVIOUS!...



NOW... LET
US LEAVE HIM TO
ROT...

WILL THE AUTHORITIES
FIND HIM DO YOU
THINK?

...PERHAPS...

...PERHAPS NOT...

...WHAT DOES
IT MATTER?...



...THE
AUTHORITIES...

...EACH
MAN FOR
HIMSELF...





WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT THE AMERICAN SIR?

...WE FIND HIM...

...THAT WAS OUR MISSION... TO NOTIFY HIM OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL'S WISH TO SEE HIM ABOUT SOME MATTER-OR-OTHER...



...THAT WE RAN INTO THOSE RELIGIOUS FANATICS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH OUR COMPLETING OUR MISSION...

SIR... COULD HE BE IN THERE?

...HE COULD BE ANYWHERE...

...THE SAHARA IS A MONSTROUS SIZE...



...GREAT MOHAMED!... WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?

...THEY ARE MAD...

...MAD...

THEY BURIED ME ALIVE...



...WHAT IS THIS?

...IN GOD'S NAME SAVE ME... THEY MEANT TO MURDER ME!



...THEY HAVE WRAPPED HIM IN THE GLISE OF A MUMMY...

...SAVE ME... SAVE ME...



...SEVERAL YEARS AGO TWO YOUNG NEWSPAPER REPORTERS WERE VACATIONING IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE MOUNTAINS ANDES IN PERU... THEIR NAMES WERE THOMPSON AND WILKES... WHAT THEY DISCOVERED...OR...WHAT THEY SAY THEY DISCOVERED...IS WHAT THIS REPORT IS ALL ABOUT...

THE VAMPIRE KINGDOM



DORRIS

...CONCLUSIONS WHICH WERE SUBSTANTIATED WHEN THEY COLLECTED AND PIECED TOGETHER SKELETONS OF ITS SO-CALLED 'INHABITANTS'...

...THEY CLAIMED TO HAVE DISCOVERED A WRETCHED, HALF-BURIED CITY HIDDEN IN AN OBSCURE VALLEY...IT WAS NOT A BIG CITY, THEY WROTE, BUT IT WAS THE STRANGEST PLACE THEY'D EVER SET EYES ON...FOR AFTER STUDYING THE NATURE OF THE RUINS, THEY CAME UPON SEVERAL DISTURBING CONCLUSIONS...



...THIS IS AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THOSE CONCLUSIONS...

...THEY CLAIMED THE CITY WAS POPULATED BY AN ADVANCED CIVILIZATION...FAR MORE MATURED THAN OURS, IN TERMS OF CULTURE IF NOT TECHNOLOGY...BUT A SOCIETY DEVOTED TO EVIL...

...ITS CITIZENS WERE A RACE OF MUTATED HUMANS WHO WERE UNDOUBTEDLY VAMPIRES...THEY WERE CLOSER TO BATS THAN TO HUMANS, FOR THEY HAD GROWTHS ON THEIR SHOULDERS ENABLING FLIGHT...WERE ALMOST TOTALLY BLIND...AND EXISTED THROUGH A BLOOD-DIET DERIVED, PRESUMABLY, BY PERIODIC WITS TO NEIGHBORING TOWNS AND CITIES AT NIGHT...



...HOW OR WHY THE CIVILIZATION DIED THEY DID NOT SPECULATE... AND **WILL** NOT...

...**WILL** NOT... FOR THEY **CANNOT**... **MEERKE** AND **THOMSON** NEVER LEFT THAT JUNGLE **ALIVE**...



...WHILE **RETURNING TO LIMA** THEY WERE ATTACKED BY SOME KIND OF VICIOUS **ANIMALS**... **ANIMALS** TOO **POWERFUL** TO BE EVEN **WOUNDED** BY THEIR REPEATED **GUNFIRE**...



...**WHAT** IT WAS THAT ATTACKED THEM IS **UNKNOWN**... THEY WERE FOUND BESIDE THEIR **EMPTY** GUNS... THE FILM IN THEIR CAMERAS WAS **SPOILED** BECAUSE OF THE **INTENSE** HEAT OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN **SUN**, BUT THEIR **STORY** SURVIVES IN **DOCUMENTS** FOUND IN THEIR **KNAPSACKS**... THEY WERE NEWSPAPER REPORTERS... AND THEY RECORDED THEIR STORY **WELL** IN THEIR HAND **NOTES** OF THEIR **EXPERIENCE**...

...BUT IT LEADS TO **SPECULATION** ON OUR PART...

...ONE OF THE MOST **FAMOUS** OF LOCAL **PERUVIAN** **SUPERSTITIONS** IS ABOUT A **MAN-BAT**... A **THING** THAT ATTACKS **HUMANS** BY NIGHT... A **THING** THAT IS UNDENIABLY A **VAMPIRE**... AND A **KIND** OF **BAT**, TOO **ARISE** TO BE ANYTHING BUT **IRRITATED**...

...PERHAPS THE **MAN-BAT** IS **REALLY** A **SURVIVOR** OF THE **VAMPIRE** **JUNGLE**... PERHAPS HE IS NOT THE **ONLY** ONE TO **SURVIVE**... AND PERHAPS... JUST PERHAPS... THERE IS **ANOTHER** CITY SOMEWHERE HIDDEN... WHERE ITS **INHABITANTS** ARE NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS, THAN **HUMAN-VAMPIRE BATS**...



... NOSFERATU IS THIS THING IN HEROIC HUMAN-BOISE...
WITHIN THIS DECAYING BODY IS A MIND AT ONCE WEIRD
AND DERANGED... SO FEARED THAT A SINGLE COMMAND
FROM NOSFERATU CAN SUMMON THE DEAD OUT OF
THEIR GRAVES TO COME TELL HIM THEIR MACABRE TRUTHS...

... THIS IS RUSSIAN
ANTON DUBCHENK
CAME TO TELL HIS
STORY OF HIS DAYS
AS A PRISON CAMP
COMMANDER IN
SIBERIA... HE WEARS
THE MASK OF A PIG...

WRITTEN BY ALAN DEWETSON ILLUSTRATED BY ISRAEL



... THIS IS BRAZILIAN
SENIOR RAMON
VORSE... ONCE A
RENOIRED TREASURE
HUNTER - HE DIED
WHILE GALLOPING
SPANISH GOLD
FROM THE WRECK
OF A SUNKEN
GALLEON...



... JACQUES
DUPON FROM
FRANCE... HE CAME
OUT OF THE PARIS
SEWERS AND
WORE THE MASK
OF A RAT TO HEED
NOSFERATU'S
CALL...



... THIS IS THE ONCE-
FAMED WERE WOLF
OF MADRID...
FERNANDO DOMA
OF SPAIN WEARING
THE HEAD OF A
WOLF...





...SIR DONALD EDWARDS... THE FAMED CAT BUROCRAT OF LONDON IN ENGLAND...



HORSCH HEINDRICH... SATANIST CULT LEADER... IN HIS NATIVE GERMANY... HE WEARS THE MASK OF A GOAT!



...ANTIE MAGE DIPPIN... FROM DOWN-UNDER AUSTRALIA... A MAGE MURDERER... SHE WEARS THE MASK OF DEATH... A DECAYING ANIMAL SKULL...

...THESE EYE DEAD THINGS HAVE YET TO TELL THEIR TALES... IT IS UP TO NOSFERATU TO SAY WHOSE... WHOSE STORY YET TO BE TOLD NOW? THE RAT'S? THE CAT'S, THE SHEEP'S... WHOSE TALE NOW?



...YOU...
...WEREWOLF...
...IT IS YOUR TURN TO TELL YOUR TALE...

...I... AM FERNANDO DONA...
MY TALE IS NOT AN EASY ONE TO TELL...
...AS YOU WILL LEARN... AS YOU WILL LEARN...
MY TALE IS ONE OF PERSONAL AGENCY... AND INCREDIBLE TORMENT... FOR...

...WHEN THE DUSK FALLS
--SO DOES DEATH...



...THIS BEGINS CHAPTER 4 OF THESaga OF NOSFERATU

"... IN MADRID THERE
ISN'T A MAN
ALIVE WHO DOES
NOT KNOW THE NAME
FERNANDO DOMÍNGUEZ...
BUT IT IS NOT A NAME
TO EVOLVE HORROR,
BUT STRANGELY...
RESPECT, FOR
UNTIL, ONLY
RECENTLY I
WAS A RESPECTED
AND EDUCATED
YOUNG SOCIALITE..."



"... MY FATHER HAD MONEY AND POWER -- AND I USED MY
INHERITANCE AT THE AGE OF 25 TO ESTABLISH MYSELF
AS THE MOST DESIRABLE BACHELOR IN THE CITY..."



"... ALL WOMEN
WERE AT MY FEET
-- THERE WAS ONE
WHO DEMANDED
THE SAME
ATTENTION AS I...
ANASTASIA RUBIO...
RICH... BEAUTIFUL..."



"... BROUGHT AFTER AS I WAS, I DON'T BELIEVE I HAD
A CHANCE WITH HER... FOR A YOUNG AND
WEALTHY AMERICAN WAS HER BUTLER AND
CONSTANT COMPANION..."



"... BUT CHANCE BROUGHT ANASTASIA
AND I TOGETHER UNDER THE MOONLIGHT...
PARTS DECIDED WE WERE DETERMINED
FOR OUR ANOTHER'S ASIDE... AND NOT EVEN
HELL COULD PART US ONCE WE DECIDED
TO WED..."

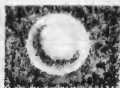
"THE EDITOR OF *ANASTASIA* TOOK HIS DEATH
BADLY... TOOK TO *DRINKING* AND *CAVORTING*
WITH *MANY WOMEN*... AND WITH A *FEW*
WEEKS BECAME WORTHLESS TO HIMSELF AND THE
WORLD..."



"ANASTASIA WAS A
STRANGE GIRL... NO-
ONE KNEW ANYTHING
ABOUT HER... AND SHE
WAS *HEBETANT* TO TALK
TO *EVEN ME* ABOUT HER
PAST AND HER *ORIGINS*!
IT WAS NOT UNTIL A *NIGHT*
THREE WEEKS AFTER WE
FIRST FELL IN LOVE THAT
I FOUND WHAT SHE WAS..."

"...DO YOU REALIZE THIS IS
THE *FIRST FULL-MOON*
WE'VE SEEN TOGETHER—
WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER
SUCH A SHORT TIME..."

"...IT'S A *BEAUTIFUL NIGHT*
ANASTASIA—A *FULL MOON*
FILLS THE *BLACK NIGHT SKY*..."





...TOGETHER... FERNANDO
MY LOVE...
...TOGETHER... WE SHALL
LUST AFTER THE VERY
EARTH ITSELF...

"... I HAD BECOME A WEREWOLF... ANASTASIA
NOW TOLD ME OF HER RUSSIAN ORIGINS AND
HER AWFUL CHILDHOOD... BUT NOW AS AN
ADULT THERE WAS A DIFFERENCE..."



"... NOW SHE
ENJOYED HER
AFFLUENCE AND I
THANK GOD OR
SATAN OR
WHOEVER FOR
HER SHARING
THE WOLF-LUST
WITH ME..."



... FOR
TOGETHER...
AS I SOON
FOUND... OUR
SATISFACTIONS
WERE
MAGNIFICENT..."

"...ALMOST ALL THE DAYS OF THE MONTH WE WERE THE VERY JEWEL OF MADRID SOCIETY..."

...SALUTE...

"...BUT COME THE NIGHTS OF THE FULL-MOON WE WERE THE TERROR OF ALL MADRID..."



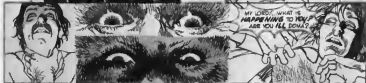
"THE POLICE TRIED TO DISCOURAGE THE PEOPLE FROM BELIEVING THE ALLEGATIONS WE COMMITTED WERE THE ACTS OF WEREWOLVES... 'SUCH SUPERSTITIONS,' THEY SAID. 'BELIEVE IN ANOTHER THEORY... THEY HAD TO SAY THAT... FOR IF SOCIETY KNEW THAT REAL WEREWOLVES WERE IN THEIR MIDST THERE WOULD'VE BEEN MASS PANIC!'"



"FIVE MONTHS AFTER OUR MEETING AN 'ACCIDENT' WAS TO OCCUR WHICH BEGAN OUR END..."

"A CROSS FELL FROM A CHURCH STEEPLE UPON THE HEAD OF MY BELOVED AMANTHIA. IRONICALLY NOT WHILE SHE WAS A WEREWOLF, BUT JUST AS WE WERE RETURNING FROM A POSITIVE TEST..."

"...BUT AS I LOOKED UP TO THE SPOT WHERE THE IRON CROSS HAD BEEN AFFIXED I SAW MOVEMENT... IT HAD BEEN NO ACCIDENT... IT WAS THE JEALOUS REBELLION OF A SCORNED LOVER... THE AMERICAN..."

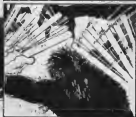


"...BUT WHEN I LEFT THE DULCHATO 988 FOR A LAST TIME, MY BELOVED I FOUND POLICE BY HIS LUMP BOOL."

IT'S HIM... THE WEREWOLF.

HE MUST BE HUNTERING THE POOR GIRL...

"...I WAS ALMOST INSTANTLY SUBSIDIZED AND OVERWHELMED BY A DOZEN POLICEMEN WHO REPEATEDLY STRUCK ME WITH THEIR HEAVY CLUBS TILL I WAS UNCONSCIOUS..."



"...WHAT HAPPENED THEN I CAN ONLY ASSUME..."

...IT'S DARNY HE'S CHANGING...

...THANK THE GOOD LORD... IF PEOPLE SAW THE MAN AS A WEREWOLF WE WOULD BE ARRESTED FOR SAYING SUCH THINGS COULD NOT EXIST IN THE 20TH CENTURY...



...THIS MAN IS THE FAMOUS WEREWOLF OF MADRID...

...HE WORE THIS MASK OF A WOLF... BUT UNDERNEATH HE WAS HUMAN AS YOU OR I.



NOTHING MORE THAN A COMMON MANIAK... NOT A WEREWOLF.

HE IS BEING TAKEN NOW TO THE CITY ASYLUM WHERE HE WILL SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN A LUNATIC'S MADDO CHILL.



"...THEY FASHIONED A WOLF-HEAD OUT OF SOME HARD MATERIAL, AND WHEN I AROUSE I WAS WEARING IT WHILE THE POLICE WERE MAKING A PUBLIC EXHIBITION OF ME ON TELEVISION..."

...THAT NIGHT...
IN MY CELL...
I TRIED TO
REMOVE THE
THING THEY
HAD PUT ON MY
HEAD TO MAKE
A POOL OF ME...
BUT SO HELP
ME LUCIFER,
NO MATTER WHAT
I DID I COULD
NOT GET IT
OFF...

...THEIR PLAN
WAS OBVIOUS!
THEY HAD MADE
THE MASK OF
IRON SO IT
COULD NOT
BE REMOVED...
WHY?...

...THAT IS MY
WITCHED
TALE...

...I CANNOT...MY HEAD
IS CRUSHED WITHIN...

* BECAUSE THEY **KNEW**--THEY **KNEW** THAT WHEN THE **FULL MOON**
CAME IN THROUGH THE **WINDOW**... AND WHEN AS I **CHANGED** INTO A
WEREWOLF MY **FEATURES** WOULD **CHANGE** AND MY **HEAD** WOULD
EXPLODE...

...THAT I WOULD BE CRUSHED WITHIN THE IRON HELMET...

TAKE THE
HELMET OFF
NOW...

...YOU MERELY...
HAVE TO UNDO...
THIS TINY LOCK-
FASTENER...
AND IT WILL
COME OFF...

...AND THOSE EVIL THINGS THAT
GATHERED IN THE **SIGHT** OF
NOSFERATU LET UP A **WELL** AND A
LAUGH THAT **SATAN** COULD HEAR
IN **HELL** ** TO SEE THE WITNESSED
SIGHT OF THE **POOR** POOL WITH THE
SHATTERED HEAD...

NEXT: ...AND THE GUTTERS RAN WITH BLOOD...

**GOMIGS
MAGABRE**

are there tales of horror in our back
issues vault that maybe perhaps just possibly
you haven't ~ugh~ seen yet? ...

**HICKORY
HICKORY
DOCK**
WHAT IS ALL
THIS?

A FOR
I WAS VAMPIRE HIRE
SCREAM

THE
LETTERS

THE
LETTERS

THE FUNERAL RARGE

THE MUMMY

THE MUMMY

THE KID AND THE KILLER
AND THE BUM RAP

I AM DEAD: I AM BURIED!
DIE MUMMY!

ONCE UPON
A TIME IN
ALABAMA:
A HORROR

NIGHTMARE

the day the earth will die!

THE 13 DEAD THINGS

SATAN DIED
A BAG OF
FLEAS

PSYCHO

THE MUMMY

the graceful DEAD!

THE
BACK ISSUES VAULT
BECKONS
YOU



did you read

I, SLIME

IN SCREAM #1

HORROR

IN PSYCHO #7

THIS GROTESQUE
GREEN EARTH

IN NIGHTMARE #15

if you missed any of the ~ugh~
stories ~choke~ on this page you can
still order them ... see our back issues ad
in this issue and place your order to the
keeper of the vault ...

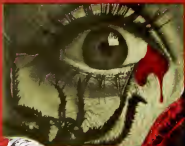
READ THE POE
MASTERPIECE OF HORROR

THE TELL-TALE HEART

THE STORY OF A MAN
DRIVEN MAD BY
HIS OWN HEART!



PSYCHO



PSYCHO